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Barrett Harper Beak K
5761 Washington ave
Chicago, Ill.

April 2, 1909.

Karl Gustaf Karsten,
6054 Monroe Ave,
Chicago, Ill.
April 7, 1909.

Frank C. Hecht.
1514 Early Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

April 15, 1909.

PHORMIO

BY TERENCE

Translated by Barrett Harper Clark

As Played By Arts College,
University of Chicago.

Chicago

1909.

PREFACE.

A new translation of "Phormio" demands some sort of an explanation. There are many translations of this most famous of Latin comedies, which are of varying degrees of excellence; from the lumbering verse translations of the age of Elizabeth to the scholarly and literary finished work of the present day. There is one of these that deserves special notice, and that is the verse translation by George Colman, ^{or} about a century ago. This is a rather loose translation, and consequently easy and smooth, but as in all work a century old, and prose especially, it is out of date. A translation of "Phormio", if it is to have any other than an antiquarian interest, ^{must} but have a modern touch. Several modern translations have been made, it is true, but none, I believe, has proved efficient and adequate for the presentation by the students of Arts College, University of Chicago. These translations are accurate and scholarly, but that is the very reason why they are not usable for our purposes. Terence can not be literally translated without spoiling the spirit of his work; the ~~his~~ ^{it} work was written in verse, it has little poetry, and consequently prose, which is the conventional vehicle for modern comedies, gives us the spirit as well, if not better, than verse. I have cut entirely a few speeches, rearranged many more, and have not scrupled to change and add, in a very few cases, where I thought it was necessary to make the meaning clear. I have freely used phrases from Professor Laing's edition of the text, Professor Laing's translation, and that of Riley. In regard to text, I have followed χ with the exception of two or three cases, that of Professor Laing. The accompanying diagram is taken from that edition.

The college as a whole, owes thanks to Professors Laing and Miller for their interest and coöperation in the presentation of the play, and to Mr Karl Karsten for his interest and efficient work.

Barrett Harper Clark.

April, 1909

PHORMIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- Prologue.
- Davus, a slave.
- Geta, Slave of ~~Demipho~~ Demipho.
- Antipho, a young man, son of Demipho.
- Phaedria, a young man, son of Chremes.
- Demipho, an old man.
- Phormio, a parasite.
- Hegio)
)
Gratinus) Legal advisers of Demipho.
)
Crito)
- Dorio, a slave-trader.
- Chremes, an old man, brother of Demipho.
- Sophrona, a nurse.
- Nausistrata, wife of Chremes.

Scene:-Athens.

Prologue.

Give ear to my request, I beg you all.
I now present ^{to} you a brand-new play,
For Epidicazomenos 'tis called,
That's Greek, the Latins call it Phormio;
It takes its name from him, the parasite
'Round whom the plot is laid. One moment more---
I beg you listen with impartial ears,
That I ~~shall~~ ^{may} not be turned, my actors too,
As erstwhile, in great tumult, from the stage.
Restored are we, and thru your good grace---
Behold, kind ffiends, what now will here take place.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Davus, carrying a bag of money..

Dav. My good friend and fellow-townsmen Geta came to me yesterday, and askt me to get a little balance of money I'd been owing him. Well, I've got it, and here I am. I hear his master's son's just married; I'll bet this money'll go for a present to his wife. This woman will grab all the earnings of a miserable man, who's saved up little by little, cheating himself of the bare necessities of life; and she won't give one thought how much trouble it took to get that present. Poor Geta'll be struck again for another present when a child is born; for another when it's birthday comes around. The mother takes it all; the child is only the excuse for the presents. Is that Geta?

Enter Geta from Demipho's house.

Geta. (Speaking to some one within) Say, if a red-headed fellow asks for me--

Dav. He's here already; ~~what?~~ *Hold your tongue;*

Geta.O, Davus, I was looking for you.

Dav. Well, here you are. (Hands him the bag of money.) It's counted out, and it's all right.

Geta.Thanks ever so much.

Dav. I tell you, we're living in such times now, that if anybody pays his debts, you ought to be mighty glad. What makes you so sad?

Geta. What? Don't you know how scared I am! Don't you know what's happened?

Dav. No; what is it?

Geta.I'll tell you, if you'll keep still about it.

Dav. Go on, you fool! Are you afraid to trust me with words, when you've trusted me with money? What's the use of cheating you, anyway?

Geta.Listen, then.

Dav. All right.

Geta. Do you know Chremes, my master's elder brother?

Dav. Certainly.

Geta. And do you know Phaedria, his son?

Dav. As well as I know you.

Geta. Well, it happened that ~~my~~ my master had to make a journey to Cilicia, to visit an old friend of his, who sent the old man letters and tempted him with mountains of gold.

Dav. What? Didn't he (already) have enough?

Geta. Keep still; this is the way it was.

Dav. O, but I wish I had been a rich man!

Geta. Then Chremes went away to Lemnos at the same time; ^{and} both the old men left me as a kind of tutor for their sons, Phaedria and Antipho.

Dav. Say, Geta, you tackled a hard job.

Geta. I found that out soon enough. Luck left me then and there. First, I opposed them; no use; as long as I was faithful to the old men, I got beatings.

Dav. I see; no use at all.

Geta. Then I turned around and did everything for them.

Dav. Now that was sensible.

Geta. Antipho didn't do anything bad for a while; but Phaedria at once found a little harp-player; he fell desperately in love with her. She was a slave; owned by a villainous trader. The old men didn't leave the young fellows much extra cash, so that Phaedria could only feast his eyes ^{on} ~~at~~ her. He took her back and forth to school; that was all he could do. Well, we didn't have anything in particular to do, and we turned our attention to Phaedria. Right across from the music school there's a barber shop. We used to wait for her there every day and go

home with her. One day when we were there, a young man came in crying. We were dum^bfound^{ed}. We askt him what was the matter. "Never", said he, "has poverty seemed so terrible and great a burden. Just now I saw a girl who lives near here, mourning over her dead mother, who was stretcht out there; and there wasn't a single friend around, except one old woman, who helpt the girl in the funeral services. I was sorry for her. She was good looking, too." Well, he moved us all. Then Antipho said, "let's go and see her";--someone else said, "Yes, let's go." We went and saw her. She certainly was handsome; but her hair was loose, her feet bare and her dress shabby. She would have been disgusting for these things, unless she had been so beautiful. Phaedria said, "O, she's good enough, I suppose"--- but Antipho---

Dav. I know: he fell in love!

Geta.You're right! Listen how it came out. The next day he went straight to the old woman, and begged her to let him see the girl; but she wouldn't listen to him, and told him that he was not acting honorably; that she was an Athenian citizen, born of good parents, and if he wisht to make the girl his wife, he might do so according to law; otherwise, she would have nothing to do with him. He didn't know what to do. He wanted to marry the girl, but he was afraid of his father, who was away.

Dav. Wouldn't his father give him permission, when he returned?

Geta.What? do you think he'd let his son marry a girl without a dowry?

Never.

Dav. What happened then?

Geta.Now, there is a certain fellow named Phormio, a parasite-- confound him!

Dav. What did he do?

Geta. He advised Antipho this way: "There is a law that orphans are compelled to marry their nearest relatives; I will say that you are the nearest relative of the girl, and bring suit against you; I'll make believe that I'm a friend of the girl's father. We'll come before the judges. I'll fix up a plan as to who's her father, who's her mother, and how's she's related to you;—every bit of it. Now, you won't deny anything, and then I'll win my case; you see! Your father'll come home, and I'll have a scrap with him; what's the difference? We'll have the girl."

Dav. Gee, that's funny!—He's got nerve!

Geta. Antipho agreed to the plan; Phormio won, and the young fellow is married.

Dav. What do you say?

Geta. Just what I've told you.

Dav. O, Geta, what'll happen to you?

Geta. Well, I don't know about that; but I do know that whatever happens, I'll bear it bravely.

Dav. That's right: spoken like a man!

Geta. My only hope lies in myself.

Dav. Good enough!

Geta. I guess I'll go for a pleader, who'll plead for me this way: "Forgive him this time; if he ever does anything wrong after this, I'll not plead for him".----Just so he doesn't add: "And when I go, kill him, for all I care."

Dav. What about the little harpist's attendant? How's he?

Geta. None too well.

Dav. He hasn't much to give, has he?

Geta. He has nothing but hope.

Dav. Has his father come back yet?

Geta. No.

Dav. Tell me, when do you think he will return?

Geta. Well, I don't know for sure-- but I hear a letter has come from him.

It's down at the post-office now. I'm going to get it.

Dav. Do you want me any longer, Geta?

Geta. No; good-bye. (Exit Davus. Geta calls to slave within), Hello, there,
boy.---- Nobody there? (Enter slave. Geta gives him the bag of money)
Here, take this in and give it to Dorcium. (Exit R. R. T)

ACT II.

Enter Antipho and Phædria, from Chremes' house.

Ant. Think of it! That ~~matter~~ should come to such a ^{pass} ~~state~~ that I should
fear my father, who is always planning what is best for me, whenever
the thought of his return ^{comes to mind} ~~occurs to me~~. If I hadn't been so impetuous,
I might have welcomed his return as I ought.

Pha. Why, what's the matter?

Ant. Do you ask? you who know of my foolish deed? I wish Phormio had never
thought of persuading me to do this, eager as I was! O, this was the
beginning of all my troubles. Then I wouldn't have got her; for a few
days I might have suffered; but this daily distraction would not have
tortured my conscience as it has.

Pha. I see; yes.—

Ant. And now I await the person who will break off my union with Phanium.

Pha. Others grieve because they cannot have those they love; you're ~~dad~~
because you ^{the girl} ~~have~~ ~~when~~ you love. You have too much; you are overwhelmed
with love, Antipho. You live an enviable life. The gods bless me!
If I could enjoy the object of my love, then I would willingly die.
Look at this: you have a cultured and well-bred girl of good principles

You couldn't wish for more. Why, you would be happy if you only had the courage to bear misfortune. If you had to deal with that slave-trader, as I do, then you'd see.

Ant. But you are fortunate, Phaedria; you can do whatever you please: keep the girl, or let her go. But I, unhappy man, am so fixt that I haven't the right to keep her, nor let her go. But what's this? Is that Geta running here? I'm afraid I know what news he brings.

Enter Geta running.

Geta. (To himself, not seeing Antipho and Phaedria), You're a goner, Geta, unless you find at once some plan of escape. Great dangers are threatening you, and you can't keep them off.----How can I get out of this scrape? I can't keep it dark any longer.

Ant. (Aside to Phaedria) I wonder why he's so upset?

Geta. I have only a second to make my plans; my master'll be here any ^{moment} minute.

Ant. (Aside to Phaedria) What's this?

Geta. When he hears of this, what shall I do? Shall I speak? I'll only make him mad. Shall I keep still? That'll arouse him. Clear myself? No use at all; might as well try to wash the color out of a brick. This is awful. I'm afraid on my own account, and Antipho distracts me. If it weren't for him, I should been revenged on the old men long ago, and run away immediately.

Ant. (Aside to Phaedria) What's that he says about running away?

Geta. Where can I find Antipho?

Ph. (Aside to Antipho) Ah! he's talking about you.

Ant. (Aside to Phaedria) I'm afraid he has bad news for me.

Geta. I'm going to his home; he's usually there.

Ant. (To Geta as he is making for the house) Stop, there!

Geta. (Without looking back) You boss me about with nerve, whoever you are

Ant. Geta!

Geta. (Turning around) Why, it's the very man I'm looking for.

Ant. Hurry up, what's the news? Tell me in one word.

Geta. I'll do it.

Ant. Speak, then.

Geta. Just now, at the harbor--

Ant. My----?

Geta. You're right.

Ant. I'm dead.

Pha. Is it possible?

Ant. Wh-wh-what'll I do?

Pha. What do you (To Geta) say?

Geta. That I saw his father, your uncle.

Ant. O, how can I stand this disaster? O, Phanium, if Fortune so decrees
that I should be torn from your arms, life would be nothing for me.

Geta. Antipho, you've got to watch out; Fortune favors the brave, you know.

Ant. I'm not myself at all.

Geta. But now ^{of all times,} ~~unusually~~, you have got to be, Antipho. If your father should
see ~~that~~ you're afraid, he'd think you were in the wrong.

Pha. And that's true.

Ant. I can't change my nature.

Geta. Well, what would you do if you had something worse to do?

Ant. Since I can't do this, I'd be still less able to do that.

Geta. (To Phaedria with a wink) O, this is nothing, Phaedria. Come along,
why should we waste our time here? I'm going.

Pha. So am I. (Geta and Phaedria turn to go away.)

Ant. Please stay. What if I should bluff it through? (Looking brave)

How's this?

Geta. (Not looking at him) Nonsense.

Ant. Look at my expression; hem, hem,—is this all right?

Geta.(Turning around and looking at him.) No.

Ant. Is this?

Geta.Nearly.

Ant. How about this?

Geta.That's all right; now, hold that expression. Answer him word for word, one thing for another, and don't let him scare you with big talk.

Ant. Yes, I see.

Geta.Tell him you were forced to marry unwillingly.

Pha. By the law and by the judge.

Geta.Understand? (He sees Demipho at a distance) Who's that old man I see at the end of the street? It's he, indeed.

Ant. I can't stay. (Going)

Geta.What are you going to do? Where are you going, Antipho? Stay here, I tell you.

Ant. I'm too conscious of my crime. I entrust Phanium and my life in your charge. (He runs off.)

Pha. Geta, what now?

Geta.Now you'll hear some accusations. I'll be beaten, hanging up, if I'm not very much mistaken. By the way, do you remember what you said to me once, when we were beginning matters. To defend ourselves from trouble we should say that our cause was right, just and honorable?

Pha. Yes, I do.

Geta.Well, we have need to use those arguments, or even better ones, if we can find them.

Pha. I'll do my best.

Geta.You greet him first, and I'll wait here in ambush, as a sort of reserve force, in case you have to retreat.

Pha. All right. (They both withdraw to the rear.)

Enter Demipho, left.

De. (To himself) Well now, Antipho has married without my consent, has he? To think that he should have no regard to my authority-- or my anger! Isn't he ashamed of himself! Geta, Geta, wily counsellor!

Geta.(aside) At last.

De. What'll they say to me or what reason will they find for their conduct?

Geta(Aside) O, I've found a reason, all right; think of something harder.

De. Perhaps he'll say:"I did it unwillingly; the law forced me to". All right-- I don't deny it.

Geta. (Aside) Good! Excellent!

De. To give up the case to the prosecutors, without saying a word--did the law compel him to do that?

Geta.(Aside) That's a hard one. But I'll fix it up all right.

De. I don't know just what ^{To} do, this has happened so unexpectedly. I'm so mad, I can't make myself think. I hold that when any man's affairs are in good order, he ought to consider how he should bear adversity: all sorts of dangers, law-suits, exile; and returning from travel he should always imagine that his son is in a bad scrape, his wife dead, and his daughter sick. Those are common to all. He should let nothing startle him. Whatever comes out better than was expected, he should consider as so much gain.

Geta.O, Phaedria, it's wonderful how much more I know than ~~my~~ ^{my} master!

I have considered a long time ago all possible accidents, if my master should return. I must grind away at the mill, be beaten, ~~be~~ cast into chains, and work in the fields. Nothing unexpected can happen. What-
 ever comes out better than I ^{expected} thought it would ^{I shall consider as so much gain!} it's so much to the good. }

Why don't you go up to him and begin to fool him with your oily words?

De. Oh! I see Phaedria! (Phaedria advances toward Demipho)

Pha. Welcome, uncle!

De. Welcome to you; but where's Antipho?

Pha. I'm glad that you have re---

De. That's all very well, but tell me this.

Pha. He's in good health; he's right here; is everything going well with you?

De. I wish so.

Pha. What's the trouble, now?

De. Do you ask, Phaedria? You've fixt up a fine kind of a marriage when I was away.

Pha. O, you are annoyed at him on that account?

Geta. {Cunning dog!

De. Shouldn't I be!--Ah, I'm just waiting for him to come into my sight, so he may see how by his fault I was changed from a kind to a most severe father.

Pha. But he's done nothing, uncle, worthy of blame.

De. See there; same old story; birds of a feather; know one, and you know ~~them~~ all.

Pha. It's not so.

De. If one's in trouble, the other's ready to plead his cause; they help in turns.

Geta. (Aside) There he's right.

De. If that hadnt been the ^{situation} ~~case~~, you wouldnt have upheld his case.

Pha. ~~Pha.~~ At any rate, if Antipho has been a little neglected of his good name, I'm not trying to excuse ~~him~~ or find ^{any} reason why he shouldn't get what he deserves. But if, by chance, someone had laid a snare for our tender years and caught us, is it our fault, or that of the judges?

De. What judge could possibly know your rights, when you didn't say a word in your defence! That's what he did.

Pha. He did just as any young fellow would do: after he came to the judges, he couldn't say what he had prepared to, he got so rattled.

Geta.(Advancing to Demipho) Well, master, I'm glad to see you back home again, safe and sound.

De. O, most excellent guardian, welcome! Mainstay of the family, protector and advisor of my son!

Geta.For some time I have heard you blame us all, and wrongly; me most of all. What would you have had me do in this case? The law doesn't allow a slave to plead a cause, nor to give testimony.

De. Very true; I'll grant that he got rattled as an imprudent young man; and that you as a slave could do nothing in court; but if she were related so closely, he didn't have to marry her; he should have given her a dowry, according to law, and let her find another husband. On what account did he marry a girl without a cent?

Geta.On no account; he needed the cash.

De. He might have borrowed it from someone.

Geta.Someone? Easier said than done!

De. If the worst came to the worst, he might have borrowed it on interest.

Geta.Very fine, words! As if anybody would trust him, with you alive!

De. No, no, it can't be; it isn't possible! What? shall I allow her to be his wife one day? She deserves no pity. I'd like that fellow to be pointed out to me, or I'd like to know where he lives.

Geta.You mean Phœdria?

De. Yes, the fellow who pleads for her.

Geta.I'll see that he gets here at once.

De. Where is Antipho, now?

Geta.In-doors.

De. Phœdria, bring him here, please.

Ph. All right, I'll go by the shortest road.(Exit into Doric's house)

Geta.(Aside) You mean to Periphila. (Exit Geta, right.)

De. I'll go into the house, and render offerings to the gods; then I'll go to the Forum, call some of my friends together to help me in the matter, so that I won't be unprepared when that Phormio comes. (Exit into his own house.)

ACT III.

Enter Phormio and Geta, right.

Ph. You say he duckt off because he was afraid of his father?

Geta.Yes.

Ph. And Phenium is left alone?

Geta.That's it.

Ph. And the old fellow's mad?

Geta.Very.

Ph. (Aside) The whole thing rests on you alone, Phormio; you've cockt it, and you've got to sat it all.--Well, to work.

Geta.Please---

Ph. (To himself, not regarding Geta) If he asks---

Geta.You are my only hope.

Ph. (As before) Well, now, what if he should----?

Geta.You are the one that urged us on.

Ph. (As before) I guess that'll be all right.

Geta.Please help us.

Ph. (To Geta) Let him come along; all my plans are made.

Geta.What'll you do?

Ph. What else do you want, when Phenium stays with Antipho, I clear him of all blame, and bring down on my own head all the anger of the old man?

Geta. You're a brave man and a true friend. Indeed, I've often feared that that bravery would at last land you in jail.

Ph. Not so; the danger's begun, and I've mapped out my course. How many people do you suppose I've beaten to death already? The more I learn about it, the oftener I do it. Come now, did you ever hear of anyone's bringing a suit of damages against me?

Geta. Why was that?

Ph. Because they know ~~how~~ I haven't got a cent to my name. You'll say they might bring me home as a slave after condemning me. But they don't want to feed a man of my appetite; and I think they're wise, because they don't wish to return the greatest benefit for injury.

Geta. Wonderful!—How grateful ought he to be to you.

Ph. Indeed, no one can be grateful enough to his patron; you take your place at the table, free from cares, while I am consumed with your troubles and my own. While you have whatever you want, I am worried; you laugh away, are the first to drink, take the place of honor at the table, and have doubtful viands placed before you. Then you have----

Geta. What do you mean by that?

Ph. I mean that when you look at the various delicacies, you are in doubt which one ~~to~~ to begin with.

Geta. (Seeing Demipho approach) The old man's coming; ~~just as that he's~~ doing. The first encounter is the worst. If you survive that, you can do what you please afterward. (They retire.)

Enter Demipho, Hegio, Cratinus, and Crito.

De. Have you ever heard of a more impertinent ^{thing} than this that's happened to me? I implore you to help me.

Geta. (Aside to Phormio.) He's getting mad.

Ph. (Aside to Geta.) Now, pay attention; I'm going to stir him up---
(Speaking aloud) By the immortal gods, does Demipho say that Phanium is not his relative? Does he?

Geta.He does.

Ph. Does he deny that he knows who her father was?

Geta.Yes.

De. (Turning to his friends) I believe this is the fellow I was talking about. Follow me.

Ph. And that he knows who Stilpo was?

Geta.He flatly denies it.

Ph. Because the miserable creature was left poor, her father ignored, she herself neglected! Just see what avarice will do!

Geta.If you accuse my master of any wrong, you'll hear something you won't want to.

De. His nerve! Does he come here to accuse me on purpose?

Ph. And Demipho has neglected the old man who works on his little farm?

Geta.Be careful what you say, there.

Ph. Go on! Doesn't he deserve it?

Geta.Is that so, you villain?

De. Geta!

Geta.(To Phormio, pretending not to hear Demipho) You cheat the citizens and twist the laws up into knots.

De. Geta!

Ph. (Aside to Geta.) Answer him.

Geta.(Turning around) Who is it? Well---

De. (To Geta) Keep still!

Geta.^{has} He never stopt abusing you while you were away.

De. Stop! (To Phormio) Young fellow, with your very kind permission, if you would perchance deign to answer me, tell me what friend of yours you just mentioned, and how he says I'm related to him.

Ph. There now, you're fishing it out, just as if you didn't know it.

De. That, I know!

Ph. Certainly you know.

De. But I say I don't know; tell me about it; ~~you~~ you seem to know.

Ph. Well, well, don't you know your own first cousin?

De. You're tormenting me! What's the name?

Ph. The name?—Oh, yes.

De. Why don't you tell me?

Ph. (Aside) I'm dead: I've forgot the name.

De. What do you say?

Ph. (Aside to Geta) Geta, if you remember that name I told you just now, help me out. (To Demipho) Well, I won't tell you; as if you didn't know! You came here to get me to tell you.

De. I get you ~~to~~ to tell me!

Geta. (Aside to Phormio) Stilpo.

Ph. Well, what's the difference to me?—Stilpo's the name.

De. What?

Ph. Stilpo, I say; you know him.

De. I never heard of him before; related to me!

Ph. Aren't you ashamed? If he'd left you ten talents---

De. Go to the devil!

Ph. You would be the first to trace you ancestors back to your great-grandfather.

De. That may be, but when I began, I should have told what relation she was to me. Come, now, what relation is she? ~~she~~

Geta. (To Demipho) That's right, master. (To Phormio) Look out, now.

Ph. I have explained my case clearly to the judge, ^{as} ~~and~~ I should; besides, ^{Antipho} if this were wrong, why didn't ~~you~~ deny it?

De. Don't mention his name to me!

Ph. You, O most wise of men, go to a magistrate, and have him give you another decision on the same case, since you're the whole thing, and

and the only ^{man}~~one~~ who can get two decisions on the same case.

De. I'll do what the law commands, rather than listen to you or involve myself in law-suits! Give her a dowry! Take her away! Take her five minas!

Ph. Ha, ha, ha, what a dear fellow!

De. What's that? Don't I ask what's right!

Ph. Tell me, do you think you can misuse her this way, and send her away? Don't plead a lost cause, as they say.

De. I guess I won't stop till I have my rights!

Ph. Nonsense!

De. Just leave me alone on that point.

Ph. Well, I'll have nothing to do with it, Demipho, nor you. Your son is the one in trouble.

De. I'll shut him and his wife out of doors at once.

Ph. Now, you wouldn't do anything like that!

De. Villain, are you always making trouble ~~trouble~~ for me just to play the devil?

Ph. If you'll do the right thing, we'll be on good terms.

De. Do you think I want your friendship, or want to hear or see you?

Ph. If you can get on well with her, you'll have her to cheer your old age; you're getting on in years.

De. Let her cheer you up; you can have her.

Ph. There, there, keep cool.

De. Look here, now; you've said enough; unless you hurry up and take that woman away, I'll kick her out. Phormio, I have spoken.

Ph. If you lay hands on her in any other way than a free woman deserves, I'll bring suit against you. I have spoken, Demipho. (Aside to Geta) If you want me, I'll be home.

Geta. (Aside to Phormio.) Yes, I know. (Exit Phormio, right.)

De. What troubles and cares does my son heap on my poor old back! And this marriage! Oh! He doesn't come into my sight, that I may at least know what he says about the matter, or what he thinks. (To Geta) Go and see whether he's come home yet.

Geta. Very well. (Exit into Demipho's house.)

De. You see how matters stand? What shall I do? Tell me, Hegio.

Heg. I? I think ~~that~~ Cratinus ought to give his opinion, if it's all the same to you.

De. Tell me, Cratinus.

Cratin. Do you wish me to speak?

De. Yes, you.

Cra. Well, I think you should do what is best for you; what this son of yours has done in your absence, should be undone; and that you will have justice. That's what I think.

De. Now you, Hegio.

Heg. I believe that Cratinus has spoken with good sense. But it's a fact that "So many men, so many opinions". Each man his own way. Now, it doesn't seem to me that what has been done by law, can be undone; and it's wrong to try it.

De. It's your turn now, Crito.

Cri. I think we should consider the matter more fully. It's an important affair.

Heg. Anything else?

De. No, you have done very well. (Exit Hegio, Cratinus, and Crito.)

I'm more undecided now than I was before.——

Enter Geta from Demipho's house.

Geta. They say he hasn't come back yet.

De. I'll wait for my brother; I'll do what he advises me in this matter.

I'll go down to the harbor and find out when he'll return. (Exit, left)



Geta. I'll go and find Antipho and tell him what's just happened.--But, what? I see him coming just in time.

Enter Antipho, right.

Ant. (To himself) O Antipho, you are to blame for the way you feel; to think that ^{you} ran away and left ^{your} life and safety in the hands of others! Did you think that the others would watch out for your interests more than you yourself? No matter how the other things were, you should ~~have~~ thought of the girl you had at home, that she might not suffer because of her trust in you, all of whose hopes are placed in you alone.

Geta. (Advancing to Antipho) Well, master, we've been angry at you for some time, because you ran off.

Ant. I was looking for you.

Geta. But we weren't in the least less careful for you.

Ant. Tell me please, how are my affairs getting along? Does my father suspect anything yet?

Geta. Not a thing.

Ant. Is there any hope?

Geta. I don't know.

Ant. (Disappointed) Oh---

Geta. But Phaedria has never stoppt helping you.

Ant. That's nothing new; he always helps me.

Geta. Then Phormio once again showed himself the clever fellow in this as in other matters.

Ant. What did he do?

Geta. He kept the old man still, who was very angry.

Ant. Oh, my dear Phormio!

Geta. And--I myself did what I could.

Ant. Oh, Geta, you are all my friends.

Geta. Well, so far, so good—your father is waiting for your uncle to arrive.

Ant. Why?

Geta. Because he said he wanted to do as his brother advised.

Ant. O, Geta, how I dread to see my uncle arrive here safe! For by his sentence alone, as I hear, I am to live or die.

Geta. Here's the Phaedria.

Ant. Where?

Geta. See, he's coming out of the training-school.

Enter Dorio from his house, followed by Phaedria.

Ph. Dorio, please listen to me.

Do. I won't.

Ph. Only a minute.

Do. Leave me alone.

Ph. Listen to what I've got to say.

Do. I'm tired of hearing the same thing a thousand times.

Ph. But now I'm going to tell you something you'll be glad to hear.

Do. Speak; I'll listen.

Ph. Can't I persuade you to wait for three days? (Dorio turns away)--

Where are you going?

Do. I thought you were going to offer me something different.

Ant. (Aside to Geta.) I'm afraid that this slave-trader--

Geta. (Aside to Antipho)--won't be safe!

Ph. Don't you believe me?

Do. No, I don't.

Ph. But if I promise?

Do. Stuff & nonsense.

Ph. You'll say you get well repaid for your trouble.

Do. Tut, tut.

Ph. Take my word for it; you'll be glad.

De. You're dreaming.

Ph. Just try.-- I don't ask you to wait long.

De. Same old story.

Ph. You'll be a second father to me, my best friend, my---

De. Nonsense.

Ph. That you should be so hard-hearted that you can't be softened by pity or prayers!

De. And to think that you, Phaedria, are so impudent and foolish, as to think you could lead me along with your alluring talk and use for nothing what belongs to me!

Ant. (Aside to Geta) Poor fellow!

Ph. (Aside to himself) That's true.

Geta. (Aside to Antipho) Just look how each one acts his part.

Ph. (To himself) I wish this hadn't happened to me now when Antipho's in trouble.

Ant. (Advancing) What's all this trouble about, Phaedria?

Ph. O, lucky Antipho!

Ant. What, I?

Ph. Yes, you, who have your loved one at home, and never have to get into such a scrape as this.

Ant. Yes, indeed, but I've got a wolf by the ears, as they say. I don't see how I can let her go nor how to keep her.

De. That's just the way with me.

Ant. (To Dorio.) Here, now, be a real slave-trader, if you're going to be one at all. (To Phaedria) Now, ~~what's~~ she done?

Ph. What has he done? the villain has sold my Pamphila.

Ant. What? sold her?

Geta. Do you mean to say he sold her?

Ph. Yee, sold her.

Do. Why, what a wicked crime! to sell a girl bought with my own money!

Ph. I can't make him wait three days for me, and put off that man who wants to buy her, till I get the money my friends have promised me. And then, I told him, if I don't give him the money, he needn't wait a minute longer.

Do. Jabber away!

Ant. (To Dorio) He doesn't ask you to wait long, Dorio. If you'll do this, he'll give you twice as much.

Do. Mere words.

Ant. O, could you allow Pamphila to be taken away from the city? Will you let their love be shattered? Can you?

Do. It's no affair of yours or mine; it's Phaedria's.

Ph. May all the gods give you what you deserve!

Do. I have endured you against my will for a long time; always weeping and promising, and not giving me a cent; but now I've found a man who pays and isn't always whispering; give way to your betters.

Ant. Now, if I remember well, a day was agreed on when you should pay him.

Ph. Yes, that's true.

Do. Well, what of it?

Ant. Has that day past?

Do. No, but this has come before!

Ant. Aren't you ashamed of your trickery?

Do. Not in the least, especially when it's to my interest.

Geta. Wretch!

Ph. Dorio, do you think you're acting rightly in this matter?

Do. That's my way of doing business; if you want me, use me.

Ant. Don't trifle with him.

Do. Antipho has trifled with me rather; because he knew that I was this

kind of a man, but I thought he was very different. He's the one who's foiled me; I've not acted differently from what I always did. But, however this is, I'll do this. The captain who wants to buy the girl said he'd bring the money to-morrow morning; now, Phaedria, if you bring me the money before then, I'll act according to my motto: "First come, first served." Good bye. (Exit into his house.)

Ph. What shall I do now? Wretch that I am, where can I get the money at once? I, who have less than nothing? If he could have only have waited three days--- that money was promised then.

Ant. Geta, shall we let him waste away in misery? He who helped me just now, as I told you? Come now, shouldn't we try to return good for good, when there's need?

Geta. I think it's only fair we should.

Ant. You're the only man that can help him.

Geta. What can I do?

Ant. Get the money.

Geta. I'd like to; but tell me where.

Ant. My father has just returned.

Geta. Yes, I know, but what then?

Ant. O, a word to the wise---

Geta. What? That?

Ant. That's what I mean.

Geta. Well, you certainly do give me fine advice. Go on with you! Shouldn't I be satisfied, if you get out of that affair of the marriage without any injury, but that you should tell me to risk my life for Phaedria's sake?

Ant. That's so.

Geta. Come, now, is it so small a thing that the old man is so angry at us all? Should we make him more angry, so that he won't ever forgive us?

Ph. And will another take her away to a foreign land, before my very eyes?
O Antipho, speak to me, while I am permitted to be here; cast your eyes
upon me!

Ant. Why? What are you going to do? Tell me.

Ph. Wherever she is taken, I am determined to follow her, or perish in the
attempt.

Geta. May the gods help you! Yet, be cautious.

Ant. See if you can help him in any way.

Geta. "In any way"? In what way?

Ant. Try, please; so that he may not do anything we may be sorry for.

Geta. Wait a minute.--I think he's safe; but I fear harm.

Ant. Never fear, with you (To Phaedria) we share good and ill fortune.

Geta. (To Phaedria) Now, tell me how much you need.

Ph. Only thirty minae.

Geta. Only thirty! Whew, she's expensive, Phaedria.

Ph. O, that's very cheap.

Geta. Well, well, I'll get it for you. (Antipho and Phaedria embrace him)

Geta. Get away with you.

Ph. I need it right away, remember.

Geta. And at once ^{right away} I'll bring it to you. But I need Phormio to help me in this
affair.

Ph. He's ready: just place any load on him and he'll carry it. He's a
real friend.

Geta. Let's go to him now.

Ant. Will you need my help?

Geta. No; you'd better go home and comfort that poor girl, who is almost dead
with fear, I'm thinking. Why do you hesitate?

Ant. O, there's nothing I would more willingly do! (Exit hastily into
Demipho's house.)

Ph. How'll you do this?

~~Ph.~~ ^{Geta} I'll tell you on the way; come along. (Exeunt, right.)

ACT IV.

Enter Demipho and Chremes, right.

De. Well, Chremes, have you brought back your daughter, for whom you went to Lemnos?

Ch. No, I haven't.

De. And why not?

Ch. After her mother saw that I stayed longer than I used to, and at the same time the girl couldn't afford to wait for me because of her age, they told me that she and the whole family, had set out to find me.

De. Well, when you heard this, why did you stay so long?

Ch. I was detained by sickness.

De. What sickness?

Ch. You ask what sickness? Why, old age itself is a sickness. But I heard the captain who brought them over, that they arrived here safe and sound.

De. Chremes, have you heard what's happened? About my son when I was away?

Ch. That's what has made me so uncertain in my plans; because if I offer my daughter in marriage to a stranger, he must know where and how I got her. I always knew that I could depend on you as well as on myself. Now if a stranger should wish to marry my daughter, he'll keep still as long as we're friends; but if he takes a dislike to me, he'll get to know more than he ought. And I'm afraid, too, that my wife might find out about this some way. If she does that, I've got to get off in

I am all that belongs to me at my house.
 a hurry. I'm the only one I can count on at home.

De. I know that, all right; and that's what's troubling me. But I won't stop till I've carried out my promise to you.

Enter Geta, right.

Geta. (To himself) I never saw such a clever fellow in all my life as that Phormio. I come up to him, tell him we need money, and how to get it. I'd just barely told him half, and he knew all about it. He was mighty glad, and complimented me, and askt where the old man was. He thank't the gods that he was given a chance to show that he was just as good a friend to Phaedria as to Antipho. I told him to wait for me at the Forum, till I brought the old man. Well, here he is himself. Who's the other?---O, Phaedria, your father's come back, too? Coward, what am I scared of, anyway? Simply because I have two men to fool instead of one? It's ~~now~~ better to have a double hope, I'm thinking. I'll go attack the first one, now; if he gives me the money, that'll be enough. If I can't get anything out of him, I'll try the other.

Enter Antipho from Demipho's house, unseen.

Ant. (To himself) Ha, Geta'll be here any time, now. Ha! my uncle and my father together! I'm afraid he'll influence my father against me.

Geta. (To himself.) I'll speak to them. (Advancing to Chremes.) Welcome, Chremes.

Ch. Welcome, Geta.

Geta. I'm glad to see you've arrived safe.

Ch. Thanks.

Geta. How are things with you? Many changes since you went away?

Ch. Yes, a great many.

Geta. Indeed? And have you heard what has happened to Antipho?

Ch. Yes, everything.

Geta.(To Demipho) Did you tell him? Well, well, Chremes, and you believed it?

Ch. I was just now talking about it with him.

Geta.Now, after thinking over the case, I believe I've found a remedy.

Ch. What do you say, Geta?

De. What remedy?

Geta.Just after I left you, I met Phormio.

Ch. Who is this Phormio?

Geta.The man who acted as the girl's patron.

Ch. O yes, I know.

Geta.Well, it seemed best to find out what he thought; so I took him off alone and said to him:"Phormio, why not fix this matter up peaceably, rather than have a fight about it? My master's reasonable, and hates to go to law; but all his friends have advised him to turn the poor girl out.

Ant. (Aside, to himself) What's he talking about, anyway?

Geta."He'll have to pay the penalty by law if he throws her out, you say?

O, he's found about that already; I tell you, you'll have your hands full if you do business with that fellow; why, he'll make you believe anything, he's such a fine talker. For the sake of argument, suppose he gets beaten; they only take his money, not his life. When I said he was affected by what I told him, I reminded him that we were alone, and asked him how much cash he'd take to quit the suit right then, and let the girl go.

Ant. (Aside to himself) Why, the fellow's crazy!

Geta.And then I said:"I'm positive that if you propose anything that's fair and square--because he's a fair man-- you won't have to wait a second."

De. Who told you to talk that way?

Ch. (To Demipho.) Why, he couldn't possibly have done more to accomplish what we are wishing for.

Ant. (Aside) Good-by for me now.

Ch. Go on, Geta.

Geta. At first he raved like a madman.

Ch. Come, come, how much did he ask?

Geta. O, a great deal too much.

Ch. How much? Tell me, now.

Geta. Well, --- what if he should ask a great talent?

De. The devil! Isn't he shamed of himself?

Geta. That's just what I told him; in these very words: "What if he were giving his only daughter in marriage, and giving her a dowry? What's the difference if he has one or not, when someone else is ready to ask for the fortune? ". Well, to make a long story short, this was what he answered: "I've wanted all the time to marry my friend's daughter, as I ought; for I knew very well there'd be trouble if a poor wife married into a rich family. Now, to tell the truth, I needed a wife to pay off my debts; even, now, indeed, I don't know of anyone I'd rather marry, if Demipho'll give as much as I ^{am going to} get from her." *the girl I am now engaged to.*

Ant. (Aside) Is he a fool, or is he deceiving me?

De. What if he's head over heels in debt?

Geta. He said his land's mortgaged for ten minae.

De. Well, let him marry her; I'll give the ten minae.

Geta. Then, his house is mortgaged for another ten.

De. Here, here, hold on; that's too much!

Ch. (To Demipho) Keep still: I'll pay that ten.

Geta. Now, his wife must have a waiting-maid; then, they've got to have a little more for odds and ends, and wedding expenses. He said that ten minae would cover these items.

De. (Enraged) He can bring a thousand suits against me for all I care!

I won't give a cent; The scoundrel's making game of me!

Ch. Please just keep calm; I'll give the money, I tell you; you just bring along your son and we'll marry him off.

Ant. (Aside) Geta, Geta, you've completely ruined me by your ^{Treachery} falsehood!

Ch. She's turned out because of me, and it's only right that I should make amends for it.

Geta. Then he said to me: "Let me know as soon as you can, if he'll let me marry her, so that I can let the other one go, and be sure how I stand. The other party'll pay me spot cash, you know."

Ch. Let him have her right now, and marry her. Break off the other engagement; quick, now.

De. Yes, do! Curse him!

Ch. I'm glad I had some cash with me now. I got some rents from my wife's farm at Lemnos. (Exeunt Phremes and Demipho in Phremes' house.)

Ant. (Advancing) Geta!

Geta. Yes.

Ant. Well, what have you done?

Geta. Cleaned the old men out of their money.

Ant. Is that so?

Geta. Well, I don't know; I did what I was ordered to do.

Ant. Ha! Do you give me an answer when I don't ask?

Geta. Well, what did you ask me to do?

Ant. What? Thru your fault matters have come to such a state that I had better go and hang myself. May all the gods and goddesses below and above, curse you! I see now, if you want anything done, let the man do it who will take you out of calm smooth water to a sharp and dangerous rock! Why should you now touch my wound, by mentioning my wife? My father has great hopes that he can get rid of her. Look here, now: what if ~~Phremes~~ Phormio should accept the dowry? He'd have to marry

her. What then?

Geta. But he's not going to marry her.

Ant. I know it. But when they ask for the dowry back again, Phormio will
of course, out of consideration for us, march ~~and~~ right off to jail!

Geta. Antipho, there is nothing that can't be made worse by ^{The imagination.} telling. You
tell the worse side, and leave out all that's good. Now listen to what
I've got to say on the other side of the question: if he should take
the money he must, as you say, marry her. I'll grant that. Yet, there
is to be some time between to prepare for the ceremony, invite the
guests, and sacrifice. Now, during this interval Phaedria's friends
will give the money they've promised.

Ant. But what friends? On what grounds? What'll he say?

Geta. What? "How many strange things have happened to me! A strange dog
came into my house; a serpent came thru the skylight from the roof, and
a hen crowed!" You see?

Ant. I wish it would happen that way.

Geta. It will; just trust me for it. ---Here comes your father; go and tell
Phaedria that I've got the money. (Exit Antiph hurriedly.)

Enter Demipho and Chremes, from Chremes' house.)

De. I tell you, keep still; I'll see that he won't play any trick on me.

I won't pay any money till I have witnesses. I'll put down to whom and
for what I give it.

Geta. (Aside) My, how careful he is!

Ch. You're perfectly right; and you should do it at once while you're in
the mood. Now, if the other woman insists a little more than ours,
he may give us the slip.

Geta. (Aloud) There, sir, you are right.

De. (To Geta) Take me to him.

Geta. At once, sir.

Ch. (To Demipho) Go to my wife when you're done, so she may visit Phanum before she leaves. Let her tell her that we are going to marry her off to Phormio, to prevent her being angry with us; and that he's better for her, because he knows her; and that we've done our best, and that the dowry is as large as he demanded.

De. What the deuce do you care?

Ch. I care a great deal, Demipho. It's not sufficient for a man to do his duty: people must know all about it; I wish that this should be done as she wants it done, so that she can't say she was turned out.

De. Why, I myself can do that.

Ch. It's better for a woman to do it.

De. I'll go and ask for her. (Exeunt Demipho and Geta, right.)

Ch. I wonder where my wife and daughter are.

Enter Sophrona from Demipho's house.

So. (To herself, not seeing Chremes) What shall I do? I'm so miserable, and I haven't a friend in the world! Where shall I get advice or help? I'm so afraid that my dear mistress'll get into some trouble thru ~~my~~ my negligence; and she deserve it ^{well} at all. I hear that the young man's father is very angry at what's been done.

Ch. (Aside) Who's this old woman, I wonder, that's coming out of my brother's house? She seems pretty well shaken up.

So. (Still not seeing Chremes) Poverty forced me to do it, even tho I knew the marriage wasn't strictly legal; but I had to find some way to keep them alive.

Ch. (Aside) Why, she's my daughter's nurse, if I'm not mistaken.

So. (As before) And we cant find---

Ch. (Aside) What shall I do----?

So. (As before)---her father at all.

Ch. (Aside) There's no mistake about it; I'll speak to her.

So. Who's that talking?

Ch. (Advancing) Sophrona!

So. He knows my name!

Ch. Look at me; turn around.

So. (Turning around, and with great surprise) Heavens! Aren't you Stilpo?

Ch. No.

So. Do you deny it?

Ch. (Lowering his voice, and glancing suspiciously toward the house) Just come away from the door a few steps, please. Now, don't call me Stilpo after this.

So. Why not? Didn't you always tell me you were called Stilpo?

Ch. Sh-h-h- (Looking again at the house)

So. Why are you so scared of that door?

Ch. I've got a fierce wife caged up there. I changed my real name to Stilpo so that you wouldn't tell anyone my name; and my wife might find out about it.

So. Yes, and that's just why we could never find you.

Ch. Tell me, what have you got to do with that family in there? Where are the women?

So. O, I'm so miserable!

Ch. What's the matter? Are they---still living?

So. The daughter is;;; but her mother, poor creature, died of grief.

Ch. Well, well, that's very sad.-- Yes, very sad.

So. And I, an old woman, lonely, poor and without friends, did what I could to marry the girl to the young man who lives there (Pointing to Antipho's house.)

Ch. What's that? To Antipho?

So. Yes; he's the one.

Ch.

Ch. Do you mean to tell me he's got two wives!

So. Not at all. This is the only one.

Ch. Well, what about that girl they say is his relative?

So. This is the one.

Ch. Why--why--how?

So. It was done on purpose, so that he might marry her without a dowry.

Ch. Blessed be the gods, thru whose aid things happen that we wouldn't even dare to hope for! Here I am returning, and I find my daughter about to marry the very man I wisht her to. Why, this is wonderful!

So. Now let's see what is to be done. His father has just returned and they say he's very angry.

Ch. There's no danger, however. By gods andmen, I beg you not to let anyone know she's my daughter!

So. Never fear: no one will know it from me.

Ch. Follow me, please; I'll tell you the rest inside. (Exeunt into Demipho's house.)

ACT V.

Enter Demipho and Geta, right.

De. Well, it's our own fault that it's better to be dishonest; and yet we want to be called honest and honorable! Hem, I suppose it wasn't enough to be injured by him, but he must go and get my money, and live on that while he's making plans how to skin someone else.

Geta. Perfectly right.

De. People nowadays get the best of it, who don't see the difference between between right and wrong.

Geta.Certainly.

De. We were fools to do business with him the way we did.

Geta.I only hope we can manage him to marry her this way.

De. Is there any doubt about that?

Geta.Now, considering what sort of fellow he is, he might perhaps change his mind.

De. What? Change his mind

Geta.I'm not sure. I said "Perhaps."

De. I'll do what my brother told me:I'll bring his wife, and have her talk with her. You go ahead, Geta; tell her Nausistrata is going to call on her. (Exit Demipho into Chremes' house.)

Geta.I've got to get that money for Phaedria; the law-suit business is out of the way, and she is going to stay where she is now. Well, what then? I'm still sticking in the mud; I'm only borrowing money to pay off a debt. Clouds are gathering around me, and I'd better be on the lookout. Well, I'll go home now, and tell Phanium not to be afraid of Phormio, or Nausistrata's words. (Exit into Demipho's house.)

Enter Demipho and Nausistrata from Chremes' house.

De. Come, Nausistrata, cheer her up, as you always do, and make her do what I got to be done.

Nau. All right, I'll do it.

De. Do you know you're a great help to me, Nausistrata?

Nau. Not as much as I wish to be, because of that husband of mine.

De. How's that?

Nau. He's so careless about the farm my father left him; why, my father used to get two talents a year from the products---Just see how much one man surpasses another!

De. Two talents, you say?

Nau. Yes, and even that much when times were worse.

(Demipho whistles in astonishment)---

Nau. Are you surprised at that?

De. Of course.

Nau. I should have been a man; I'd have shown them what----

De. Undoubtedly.

Nau. How I---

De. Stop please---Remember, she's a young woman, and might beat you in a conflict.

Nau. Very well. There's my husband.

Enter Chremes, running from Demipho's house.

Ch. (Not seeing Nausistrata) Demipho, Demipho, have you paid him yet?

De. Yes; at once.

Ch. Well, I wish you hadn't. (Sees Nausistrata. Aside) Ho, ho, my wife!
I almost said too much.

De. How's that, Chremes?

Ch. Never mind; everything's all right.

De. What!-- Did you let her know why we're bringing her? (Points to Nausistrata)

Ch. I've fixed it up.

De. What does she say?

Ch. She won't leave.

De. Why is that?

Ch. They love each other.

De. What's the difference?

Ch. Much (Aside) Then, I just found out she's a relative of yours.

De. (Aside) No! You're crazy!

Ch. (Aside) I tell you, she is.

De. (Aside) She isn't.

Ch. (Aside) Her father took another name, and that threw us off the track.

De. (Aside) Didn't she know her own father?

Ch. (Aside) Of course so.

De. (Aside) Then why did she call him by another name?

Ch. (Aside) Don't you understand, or won't you?

De. (Aside) But if you don't-----?

Ch. (Aside) Do you still keep it up?

Naus. (Aside) What's all this fuss about?

De. Well, I'm sure I don't know.

Ch. (Whispering to Demipho) Do you really want to know? Well, I swear by Jupiter, that she's our closest relative.

De. By all the gods, let's go to her; I want to know all about this (turning to leave)

Ch. (Stopping him) Here, stop!

De. What's the matter?

Ch. Don't you believe me? (Reproachfully)

De. You want me to believe you? All right, then. But,---what shall we do about----our friend's (Giving a significant wink at Chremes) daughter?

Ch. She's all right.

De. Shall we let her go?

Ch. Why not?

De. Shall the other stay?

Ch. Yes, that's it.

De. We don't need you any longer, Nausistrata.

Naus. Yes, I guess it's better for us all that she should stay here. She seemed very nice when I saw her. (Exit Nausistrata into Chremes' house)

De. How about this, Chremes?

Ch. (Looking anxiously at the door of his house) Is the door closed?

De. Yes.

Ch. O, Jupiter, we're fortunate! I've found that my daughter has married your son!

De. Is it possible? How was it?

Ch. This isn't the place to tell you.

De. Let's go inside.

Ch. Listen; I don't want our sons to know anything about this business.

(Exeunt Demipho and Chremes into Demipho's house)

Enter Antipho, right.

Ant. Well, I'm delighted that my cousin's affairs go on so well, no matter how mine are. He's got plenty of money and no cares; now, I can't possibly get out of my troubles; if it's kept secret, I'm afraid--- if it's known, I'm disgraced. I wouldn't go home now, if I didn't think that in some way I could keep her. Where can I find Geta? I want to find out where I can safely meet my father!

Enter Phormio, right.

Ph. (Aside, to himself, not seeing Antipho)---I've got the money, gave it the slave-trader, took the girl and gave her to Phaedria. There's just one more thing to be done---get the old men to let me have time for a jolly booze and a good time of it.

Ant. Aha, Phormios (Advancing) Well, what have you got to say?

Ph. What's that?

Ant. Well, what is Phaedria going to do?

Ph. Just what you did.

Ant. And what is that?

Ph. Run away from his father; and he asks you to make his excuses. He's going to have a time of it at my house. I'll tell the old men I'm going to the fair at Samnium. There's Geta coming out of your house.

Enter Geta from Demipho's house.

Geta. (To himself) O! Goddess of Good Fortune, how great and manifold are the blessings thou hast heaped on Antipho---

Ant. (To Phormio) What's she talking about?

Geta. (As before) ---and freed us, his friends, from all our fears. But I'd better hurry up and find him.

Ant. (Aside to Phormio) Can you make out what he's talking about?

Ph. (Aside to Antipho) Can you?

Ant. (Aside to Phormio) Not a word.

Ph. (Aside to Antipho) Neither can I.

Geta. (As before) Well, I'll hurry to the slave-trader's; that's where they are. (Turns and starts toward the Forum)

Ant. O, Geta!

Geta. (Outside scene) That's nothing new!

Ant. Geta, Geta!

Geta. (Still farther away) Keep it up! That's right!

Ant. (Running out after Geta) We'll see about this!

Geta. You'll get whipt, if you don't look out.

Ant. You villain, you're the one who'll get the whipping.

Geta. Must be someone I know, if he'll beat me. (Comes in, followed by Antipho; both panting violently)--Geta turns around and is surprised)--
The very man!

Ant. Well, what is it?

Geta. You're the happiest man alive, Antipho.

Ant. I wish it with all my heart; but tell me why. Don't keep me waiting.

Ph. Hurry up and tell us, won't you?

Geta. (Seeing Phormio) O, you are here too!

Ph. Yes, but go on.

Geta. Listen to me. Just after we gave you the money, we went to Chremes;



now, in the meanwhile, my master sent me to get your wife.

Ant. Why did he do that?

Geta. O, never mind about that, Antipho. Just as I was going to the room where the ladies were, the boy ran up to me and stoped me. He said no one was allowed to see his mistress, and that Sophrona was talking with Chremes. Then I listened at the door and heard what they said.

Ant. Good!---Go on.

Geta. I heard a fine piece of business. I almost ~~heard~~ shouted for joy.

Ant. What was it? Quick!

Geta. What do you guess?

Ant. O, I don't know.

Geta. Most wonderful! Your uncle is your wife Phanium's father!

Ant. (Excitedly) WHAT!:

Ph. You're dreaming. How did it happen that she didn't know her own father?

Geta. I know there's some reason. Besides, I couldn't hear everything.

Ant. Now, I've heard the same story be fore.

Geta. Yes, and I'll tell you one reason for believeing it: your uncle came out and went away. Then he came back with your father, and they both agreed to let you marry her. They sent me to find you and bring you to where they are.

Ant. Well, why don't you carry me off!---Hurry up.

Geta. All right.

Ant. Good by, dear Phormio.

Ph. Good by, Antipho. (Exeunt Antipho and Geta into Demipho's house.)

Ph. Whew, this is lucky, and I'm glad of it. Here's my chance to get some more money out of the old fellows, and fix Phaedria ina comfortable way: I guess I'll hide in this alley and wait for them. (He retires into the alley.)

Enter Demipho and Chremes from Demipho's house.

De. The gods be thank't, brother, for this good fortune! We'd better find Phormio before he spends that money, and get it back from him.

Ph. (Advancing from the alley) I'll go and see if Demipho's home, and----

De. Phormio, we were looking for you.

Ph. For the same reason, I suppose?

De. That's right.

Ph. Certainly; but why were you coming to me?

De. Don't waste time.

Ph. Do you think I won't do what I undertook? No matter how poor I am, I've laways seen that I keep my word. And I come to you now, Demipho, to tell you that I am ready. Give me the girl, if you please; because I've laid aside everything, for I understand you desire this with all your heart.

De. But this man has persuaded me not to let you have her. He said: "What will people say if you do this? A while ago, when she might have been honorably married off, no one wanted her. Now, it's wrong to turn her out. He told me almost the same things you did not long ago.

Ph. You are certainly very impudent.

De. How is that?

Ph. Don't you see that I can't marry the other one now, after I've let her go?

Ch. (Aside to Demipho) "Then I see Antipho won't let his wife go": tell him that.

De. Then I see Antipho--a--a won't let his wife go. But please come over to the Forum, and give me back my money.

Ph. I can't; I've just paid off my debts.

De. Well, what of it?

Ph. If you wish to let me have the girl you promist me, I'll marry her.

But if you want her to remain with you, the dowry remaind here, Demipho:

De. Go on with your bragging! Do you think we don't know all about your trickery, you villain?

Ph. Don't get me too angry, now.

De. Would you marry the girl ^{if} we let you?

Ph. Just try it and see.

De. Come along with that money.

Ph. Come along and give me that girl.

De. (Seizing him) Come to court at once---

Ph. Look out now, or I'll---

De. What'll you do?

Ph. What? O, I don't only protect undowered girls----

Ch. What do we care?

Ph. O, nothing.---But I heard of a woman here whose husband----

Ch. (Startled) Oh---

De. What's the matter, Chremes?

Ph. Had another wife at Lemnos.

Ch. (Aside) I'm dead.

Ph. And he had a daughter by her, and brought her up secretly.

Ch. (Aside) I'm already buried.

Ph. I'm going to tell her about this at once. (Starts toward Chremes' house)

Ch. Don't, don't. (Catching him)

Ph. Perhaps you were that man?

De. He's making fun of us.

Ch. We'll let it drop, Phormio.

Ph. Nonsense.

Ch. What more do you want? We'll let you have the money, too.

Ph. Very well; but why do you want to pester me with your childish actions:

"I will, and I won't. Give me this, keep it".

Ph. (Aside to Demipho) How did he find out about this, anyway?

De. (Aside to Chremes) I don't know. I haven't told anyone.

Ph. (Aside) I've got them this time.

De. (Aside to Chremes) Shall I let him carry off so much money? No; I'd rather die. You see this little indiscretion of yours is well known, and you can't conceal it longer from your wife. I think you'd better tell her yourself before she hears it from anybody else; then we can get even on this villain Phormio.

Ph. (Aside) I'd better look out, now, or I'll get caught.---(Aloud) Is this the way you do? (Chremes and Demipho advance in a pugnacious manner) Very well. Come along. Demipho, you've riled me up now, and it won't do Chremes any particular good, I can tell you. I'll make your wife so mad that you'll never get over it.

Ch. (Aside) Now I'm in trouble, for sure.

De. I've got the idea; let's go to court.

Ph. To court? No, no, here (Pointing to Chremes' house, and trying to go in that direction.)---

De. (To Chremes) Hold him, till I get some servants.

Ch. (Trying to hold Phormio) I can't do it alone; you help me. (They both hold him and begin to drag him toward the Forum.)

Ph. Oh, I see I must use my lungs. Nausistrata, Nausistrata, come here!

Ch. (To Demipho) Stop his mouth.

De. He's too strong.

Ph. Nausistrata!

Ch. Keep still, won't you?

Ph. Keep still!

De. (to Chremes) Punch him hard, if he won't come.

Ph. Yes, or put out his eye---But I'll have my revenge. (Enter Nausistrata from her house.)

Nau. Who's calling me?

Ch. Oh!

Nau. Husbandm, what does this mean?

Ph. (To Chremes) Why don't you tell her?

Nau. Who is this man? Answer me.

Ph. (To Nausistrata) He doesn't know where he is.

Ch. (To Nausistrata) Don't believe him, I beg you.

Ph. (To Nausistrata) Look at him; scared to death!

Ch. I'm not.

Naus. What's he talking about, then?

Ph. Listen, and I'll tell you.

Ch. (To Nausistrata) Will you believe him?

Nau. He hasn't told me anything yet. My, but you're frightened.

Ch. I?

Ph. (To Chremes) Well, since this is nothing and you're not frightened,
I'll tell her.

Nau. Please tell me, Chremes.

Ch. But I---

Nau. But what?---

Ch. What's the use anyway?

Ph. No use--for you (To Chremes)---But she ought to know all about it--
In Lemnos---

Ch. What are you doing?

De. (To Phormio) Keep still, I tell you!

Ph. (To Nausistrata) While you didn't know it---

Ch. Stop!

Ph. He married another woman!

Nau. It can't be so!

Ph. Well, it is.

Nau. How wretched I am!

Ph. And he had a daughter by her.

Nau. What a wicked deed! *Oh, the wretched!*

De. (Aside to Chremes) You're done for!

Nau. Aha, now I know why you went to Lammos so often!

De. Nausistrata, of course he is somewhat to blame, but he might be pardoned. Chremes isn't really so wicked as you think. Anyway, the woman's dead. Just be patient.

Nau. Patient? How do I know that he won't do this any more?

Ph. (Loudly) All who wish to attend the funeral of Chremes, come along. I've had my revenge. Make up with him, Nausistrata. Now, you've got something to bother him with for the rest of your life.

De. (To Nausistrata.) He begs you to forgive him---he confesses his fault ---What more can you wish for?

Ph. (To Nausistrata) Just a minute, Nausistrata; listen to me before you answer him.

Nau. What is it?

Ph. I got thirty minae out of him, which I gave to your son who liberated his wife from the slave-trader.

Ch. What's that?

Ph. Tut, tut, you have nothing to say.

Nau. I won't say anything till I see my son. I'll do just as he advises.

De. That's right, Nausistrata.

Nau. Are you satisfied, Chremes?

Ch. Yes----(Aside) and more than satisfied.

Nau. (To Phormio) What is your name, please?

Ph. Phormio, a good friend to your son, Phaedria.

Nau. Phormio, I shall do for you what I am able.

Ph. Many thanks. First, will you do something to make your husband mad?

Nau. Gladly. What is it?

Ph. Invite me to dinner.

Nau. Very well; I invite you.

De. Come, let's go in.

Ch. Yes, but where is Phaedria?

Ph. He'll be here in a minute. (Turning to the audience) Farewell---and
give us your applause.

Curtain.





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